

**The Liberal**  
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**SUNDAY AFTERNOON**  
 DR. ARCHER WALLACE

**"SCOTS WHA HAE"**  
 Not long ago the English did a characteristic thing; they unveiled in Westminster Hall a fine monument to the memory of the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace. Outstanding statesmen and other national leaders gathered in the hall where Wallace was tried and sentenced to death, and all did him reverence.

At the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, Wallace was a courageous rebel and leader of his people against what he firmly believed was English oppression. He was almost a giant in body with a giant's strength. He knew how to inspire the men of his day with courage and determination and to gain their loyalty.

The reigning English king was Edward the First and Wallace was his deadliest foe. Even his enemies acknowledged his sincerity and daring and as he gained victory over his better fed and trained enemies, there seemed to be a magic about the man.

How he came to his end is still something of a mystery but at the age of thirty-three he seems to have been betrayed to the English who had money to bribe men and so in Westminster Hall on August 23, 1305, the fearless leader of his people was tried and condemned to death. He was taken to London Tower and then past jeering crowds to the elms at Smithfield where he was hanged. Afterwards his head was put on a pole as a writer of that day said: "He was in sight of both land and water travellers."

And now, after nearly six hundred and fifty years, on the same spot where he was tried and sentenced, the English have unveiled a tablet to his memory and expressed respect and admiration. The old enmities have completely

died out — if only Wallace could come back and read what is on that monument and if he could have heard the glowing tributes to his memory.

That was a very penetrating thing Jesus said: "Many that are first shall be last and the last first." That has been called the reversal of human judgment and time has a way of completely alternating judgments.

If there had been a Who's Who printed in Palestine twenty centuries ago, what a list of supposedly distinguished persons would have been mentioned about whom absolutely nothing is known today; political leaders, ecclesiastics, and scores of the socially prominent would have found a place but Jesus — would he have been noticed? — we know he would not. Time has altered the view of Jesus held by most of his day.

In a letter to the Christians at Corinth the Apostle Paul refers to the public triumphs accorded great conquerors in the streets of Rome. His readers would appreciate that illustration. Perhaps some had witnessed such pageants of pomp and splendour. Paul, with a thoroughly Christian sense of values, wrote "He makes life a constant pageant of triumph."

At first reading these words seem preposterous. He limped along the roads a prisoner whereas these national idols rode in chariots. While they received extravagant praise he was regarded with ill-concealed scorn. Often he had been stoned and on more than one occasion left for dead. He had been lashed by the Jews and severely beaten by the Romans; three times he had been ship-wrecked; adrift at sea for a whole day and night; he had suffered intense hunger and thirst. Even a partial list of his hardships makes one wonder how one man could endure so much. Yet he refers to it all as a pageant of triumph.

What happened to Jesus and Paul and William Wallace is dramatic and thought provoking. After all a man is just what God sees him to be; whatever the judgment of men may be.

... About Books

**"THE UNITED"**  
 By Carlos P. Romulo  
 The chief interest of this novel is its author, Gen. Carlos Romulo, Philippines' Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and chief of the Philippine mission to the United Nations. The man is of great importance, the novel, apart from the man, of very little.

"The United" is, in fact, a very poor novel indeed, obviously contrived by a man who is no creative writer, though he is, as he has proved himself to be in the past, a journalist of considerable distinction.

The interest, therefore, centres on his description of the United Nations, and on the author's declaration of faith in that body, a faith that is implicit in every word of the book, and is explicitly stated by his hero. Ringing answers are given to the usual sneers at the U.N.

The second point of interest is Gen. Romulo's conviction that the United States of America and the American way of life are the superiors of the world today. And this is rather odd because, in some of the book's best passages, where the fine journalist leaves the secondary-rate novelists behind, the author depicts the American way of life in all its attractive aspects. One might almost say that struggling to unite the whole world behind America, he presents to the world precious few reasons for desiring to be united under the American banner.

It is to be expected that a Filipino gentleman whose education was polished at Columbia University and who has received a Princetonian honor, should look upon America with something of hero-worship and perhaps be unable to see that his own description of the country would appear decidedly damning to a European.

But it is possible that Gen. Romulo aimed the book at a particular audience, the audience of the common American, politically illiterate by nature rather than reasoned conviction, somewhat isolationist, and whose main object in life is to own a home rather better than one owned by his immediate neighbors — in brief to keep up with and preferably a little ahead of the Joneses.

The hero is the son of a Wall Street moneybags who has begun to feel doubts as to the importance of his father's way of life, after returning from the Second World War and a wide amount of travel after the war through the ruined lands of the world. He finds himself inveigled into the United Nations at Lake Success and the rest of the story of his struggles with himself as a worker for the U.N. and his love life.

The man, in fact, is a typical well-bred young American, with plenty of money and the social background that only Princeton or Harvard can produce.

Such a book may be expected to have considerable popular appeal, it is readable and is based on the life that everyone knows of through the reading of any current American novel.

Yet trifling though the book may

**RICHVALE PUBLIC SCHOOL**

**GHOST STORY**

One stormy night my girl friend and I were coming home from a Halloween party which was given to all school children. En route to the party we had to go through a treacherous field. In our mood we fancied weird objects growing from trees or grotesque figures reaching out to us. Yet in spite of we eventually reached the location of our party.

It was a haunted house. Whether this was real or imaginary is of no consequence. My friend Barb being the bolder suggested that we enter immediately though I held back. I would have much preferred to wait until the rest of the children arrived. Barb scoffed at my timidity. She was always so sure of herself and her courage did not let her down now. She reached for my hand and dragged me along as we pressed through a squeaking door into darkness. "You silly girl," she whispered, "there are no ghosts. It isn't scientific."

In the darkness we brushed against dusty cobwebs and crept stealthily over the squeaking floors. Suddenly a draft of wind brought a cool hush into the lurking darkness. Somewhere a door slammed. Barb and I froze in our tracks as a white, veiled figure flitted up and down the wall. It paused seemingly in mid-air and then drifted from us as mysteriously as it came. We went no further. We did not stop to investigate. We simply turned and fled. After what seemed breathless hours of flight we paused to gain back our senses. By this time Barb had regained her self-composure. "Now," I asked, "do you believe in ghosts?" Barb looked at me a moment, shrugged her shoulders and retorted, "Certainly not, it isn't scientific."

— Louvaine Wood, Grade 8

**THE LEGIONNAIRES**  
 Branch 375  
 Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L.  
 Richmond Hill

At the regular meeting of the Richmond Hill Branch No. 375 Canadian Legion on November 13, Comrade George C. Kerry, Veteran of World War I was sworn in as a new member and was warmly received.

World War I Veteran Comrade Dickenson of Edgar Ave., Richvale, is again a patient in Sunnybrook Hospital. Best wishes for a speedy recovery. Information of any sick veteran and family who may be in distress would be greatly appreciated and will avoid delay in attention by notifying the chairman of the "Poppy Trust Fund" Comrade Grant Titshall, May Ave. or the secretary at 259 Oak Ave., Richvale.

Great progress has been made in the construction of the new Legion Memorial Hall, Carrville Road, west of Yonge Street. Credit is due to the faithful and loyal members who have put forward so much effort and time.

The next regular meeting of the Branch, No. 375, will be of the greatest importance and interest to its members and to the future of the Branch when nomination of officers will be on the order sheet. It will be held in the new Legion Hall. More particulars will be made available through the Coming Events Column of The Liberal. Don't forget the bake sale in the new Legion Hall, Carrville Road on December 8, at 2 p.m., under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary 375 in aid of the building fund.

**NOTICE**

**TO CREDITORS AND OTHERS**  
 Take notice that all persons having claims against the Estate of WILLIAM A. SCOTT, late of the Township of Vaughan, in the County of York, farmer, who died on or about the 18th day of June, 1951, are required to send details of the same together with due proof thereof to the undersigned Executor on or before the 6th day of December, 1951. After that date, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to such claims of which he shall then have notice.  
 Dated at Richmond Hill this 6th day of November, 1951.  
 J. Roy Herrington  
 Executor to the Will of William A. Scott, deceased.  
 Yonge St., Richmond Hill

**TAXES**

The third instalment of the current year's taxes is due on  
**November 15**  
 Pay promptly and avoid the penalty which must be added after  
**December 5**  
 R. LYNETT  
 Village Treasurer  
 Richmond Hill, Nov. 8, 1951.

**Need More Efficiency At Polling Booth**

The experience of many people in the recent provincial election emphasized the fact that there is much room for improvement in the working of our election machinery.

The taking of the votes of the electors is important business. People are admonished on all sides to exercise their franchise. This is all to the good, but on the side of the government in office is the responsibility for setting up efficient election machinery.

Good citizens of Ontario who do their duty and go to the polls should not be subjected to the treatment received by many electors of North York in the recent election.

The preparation and printing of voters' lists in the recent election left much to be desired. There were altogether too many mistakes, and too many conscientious voters on reaching the polls found their names omitted in error. In many cases they still were able to vote, but this does not alter the fact that if the people's money is spent to prepare a voters' list, the work should be done in an efficient manner.

In too many cases in the riding deputy-returning officers were uninformed as to their duties and the provisions of the election act. In some polling divisions the election day officers were not ready to accept votes until long past the official opening hour.

Polling places in many sub-divisions were altogether unsatisfactory and fell far short of meeting the requirements. In many cases the secrecy of the ballot was open to question due to improper arrangement of the voting place. In some places voters had to line up outside while awaiting their turn to vote, so inadequate was the accommodation.

We appreciate the time element in the matter of conducting an election, and we make full allowance for human error and exceptional circumstances. However after making full allowance in this regard we must point out that in the recent election there was a lamentable lack of efficiency in the vote-taking machinery.

It is the duty of every elector to vote, but when the citizen does his duty by going to the poll he should be met by an efficient vote-taking organization. He is entitled to be provided with a voting place conveniently located in his sub-division. He is entitled to be met by election officers well informed in election proceedings and well schooled in their duties.

The polling booth is at the very foundation of our democracy. Carelessness and inefficiency must not be allowed to threaten its effective place in our national life.

**T. B. Christmas Seals Need Your Support**

These colorful little Seals, this year featuring a jolly-faced Santa, mean protection from tuberculosis to every home receiving them.

Since last Christmas, funds raised through the sale of these Seals have enabled the National Sanitarium Association to give 217,000 free chest x-rays, the means of finding 415 unknown cases of tuberculosis. All of these people, including a number of children, required immediate care in sanatorium.

In Richmond Hill and district, this Association conducted a free community x-ray survey in 1949 and again this year. Not a single case of active tuberculosis was discovered in Richmond Hill this year, although five people were found to have chest abnormalities of one kind and another. The 1949 survey found one case of active tuberculosis and 21 people with chest abnormalities.

Finding these abnormalities early has proven a real blessing to all concerned for medical treatment was begun before the chest conditions became more serious.

The x-ray method continues to be the only certain way of finding tuberculosis in its early stages and when it is most easily curable. Medical authorities now claim that in 999 chances out of 1,000 a person entering sanatorium with T.B. in its early stages, will be able to return to normal life.

It is true that remarkable progress has already been made in fighting this dread disease. Ontario's death rate is the lowest of any comparable population group in the world. Yet last year tuberculosis took the lives of 3,582 Canadians, and doctors estimate there are 40,000 unknown cases spreading infection to others.

Yet figures mean little when compared to the emotional upheaval in any family group when one of its members has been found to need sanatorium care.

One of the more recently discovered cases was that of a young truck driver in his early 30's. He went along with his pals at noon one day to have a chest check-up, then promptly forgot all about it. No one was more surprised than he when his doctor called him in one day to say he must enter sanatorium at once.

And this story does not end there. The young man's contacts were immediately x-rayed with most unhappy results. He had been making his home with his brother and his brother's young family. X-rays uncovered tuberculosis in the wife and also moderately advanced in their three-year-old daughter. A 10-year-old son escaped it. It will never be known where it came from, or who was the first to have it.

Doctors claim there is reasonable hope that with the best of care in sanatorium, and probably with the help of some of the new drugs, like streptomycin and P.A.S., this little family circle will be re-united before too long.

So when you buy T. B. Christmas Seals you buy protection for yourself and your family — protection against those who may spread tuberculosis without themselves knowing that they have it.

**Where Should I Buy?**

One of the pressing problems facing the citizens of any village situated next to a large city is whether to buy at home or in the city. This question is one that needs careful consideration by each citizen, for if a village is to keep its identity and remain a separate municipality then everyone must honestly attempt to make their purchases from local stores.

And no one is making a sacrifice or taking a loss when one considers that these purchases can be made right in the local community at currently popular prices. The village offers an up to date shopping section with stores that carry a wide selection of merchandise.

Two factors, first the extensive advertising campaigns that are put on by the larger Toronto stores, and secondly the fact that a certain number of residents of smaller places are employed in the city combine to create a temptation to buy in

Toronto. However this Big City atmosphere should be met by the realization that the small-town residents can actually save money by doing their shopping at home. Yes save — in many cases by reduced prices, and most certainly by reduced overhead. When buying in Toronto, the final cost of the article, the cost of transportation, any meals bought, plus other incidentals such as parking tickets, car troubles, etc., must be taken into consideration. On arriving home if the article purchased is not satisfactory then it must be exchanged or money refunded.

Let us develop a true community spirit by buying from our local merchants in our respective communities, and they in turn will help the consumer by passing on any savings in price.

Remember shopping in the home town can be done always with a minimum of fuss and worry.

**Rail Travel Was Pretty Luxurious Then**

When a prominent man makes a speech on an essentially serious subject, it frequently happens that the part which lingers longest in the memories of his audience is not the one he was most anxious to emphasize but some little imaginative touch along the way.

Thus perhaps it was with the excellent address given by Mr. Donald Gordon, president of the CNR, recently in the City of Toronto. Mr. Gordon's purpose was to show that the railways of this country are not quite the cripples some people would suppose; that on the contrary they are moving more traffic than ever before, with less equipment than 20 years ago, and that, specifically, they are not to be held to blame for this year's chronic difficulties in moving Western grain into export positions.

This was the kind of information which Mr. Gordon rightly stressed. But what his audience may have found most interesting about his speech was the bit in which he dipped into transportation history and recalled what railway travel used to be like. Today, Mr. Gordon observed, passengers expect to be actually more comfortable in a railway coach than in their own homes, for there are few dwellings as yet which can enjoy a temperature in

the seventies while outside the thermometer may be touching 100 degrees of heat.

What was railway travel like a century ago? Mr. Gordon produced a traveller's description:

In cold weather a small stove is placed near the centre of the carriage the smokepipe of which passes out through the roof; and a good lamp is placed at each end for illuminating during the night. The vehicle is perfectly lighted and warmed. The seats are cushioned; and their backs, consisting of a simple padded board, about six inches broad, are so supported that the passenger may at his pleasure turn them either way, so as to turn his face or his back to the engine. For the convenience of ladies who travel unaccompanied by gentlemen, or who otherwise desire to be apart, a small room, appropriately furnished, is sometimes attached to the end of the carriage, admission to which is forbidden to gentlemen.

They got pretty high class accommodation in those days. And apart from novelist Charles Dickens who, as Mr. Gordon points out, complained of the jostling and din on his first North American train journey, they appreciated it, too.

**"Literally Speaking"**

**... About Books**

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